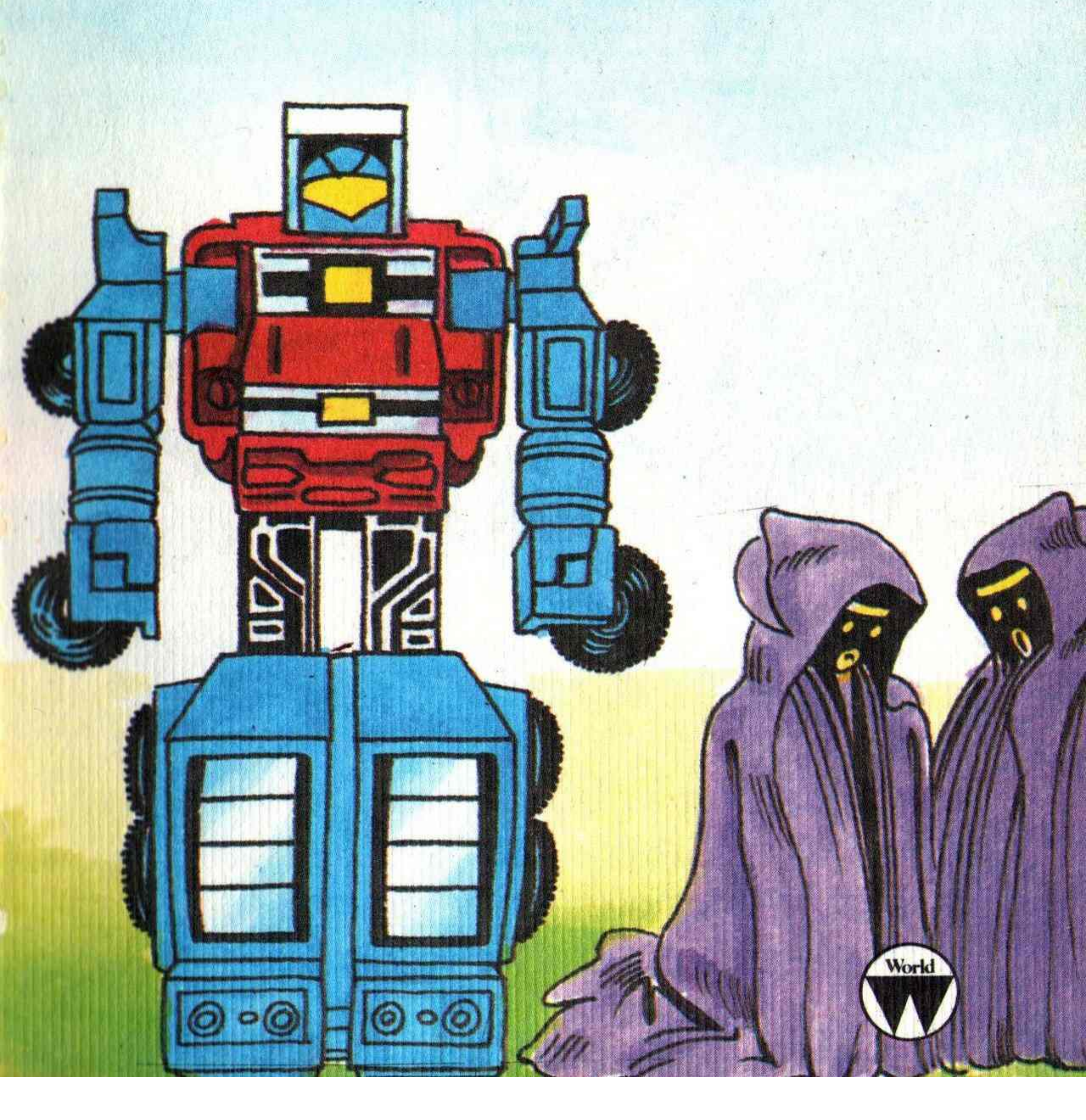

mini world
THE WAGNER SIRENS
ROBO MACHINE™
FEATURING
CHALLENGE OF THE GOBOTS™
World

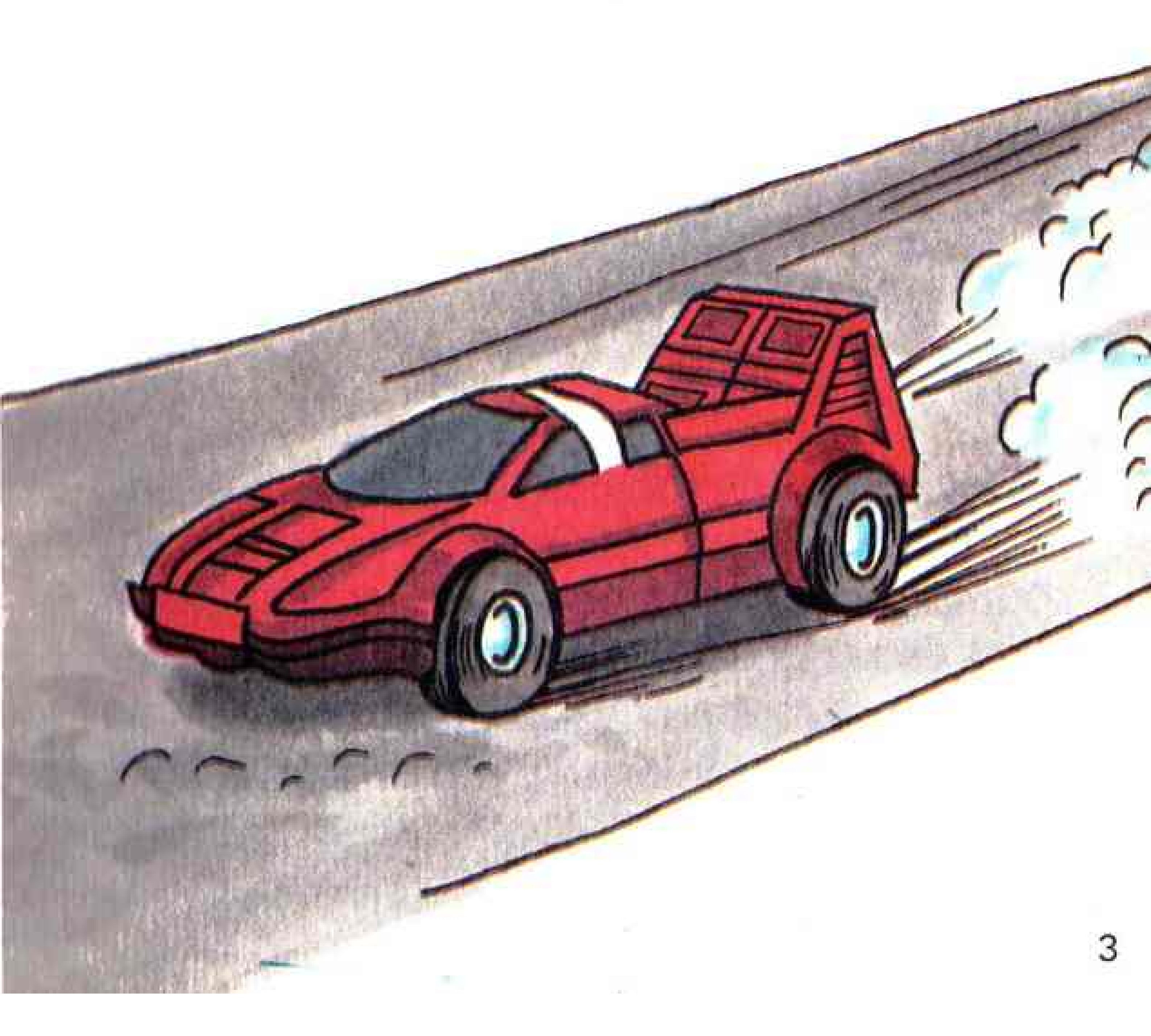
THE WAGNER SIRENS





The dirt surfaced mountain road snaked sharply to the right ahead of the speeding Turbo. Matt, the brilliant Command Centre pilot, was at the wheel, his concentration pinned on the vehicle's controls.

"There it is," he muttered to the car, "just up ahead. But we're gaining on it. This one won't get away!" With that, Matt slammed the car into fourth gear and powered down a short straight bordered by high, craggy walls.





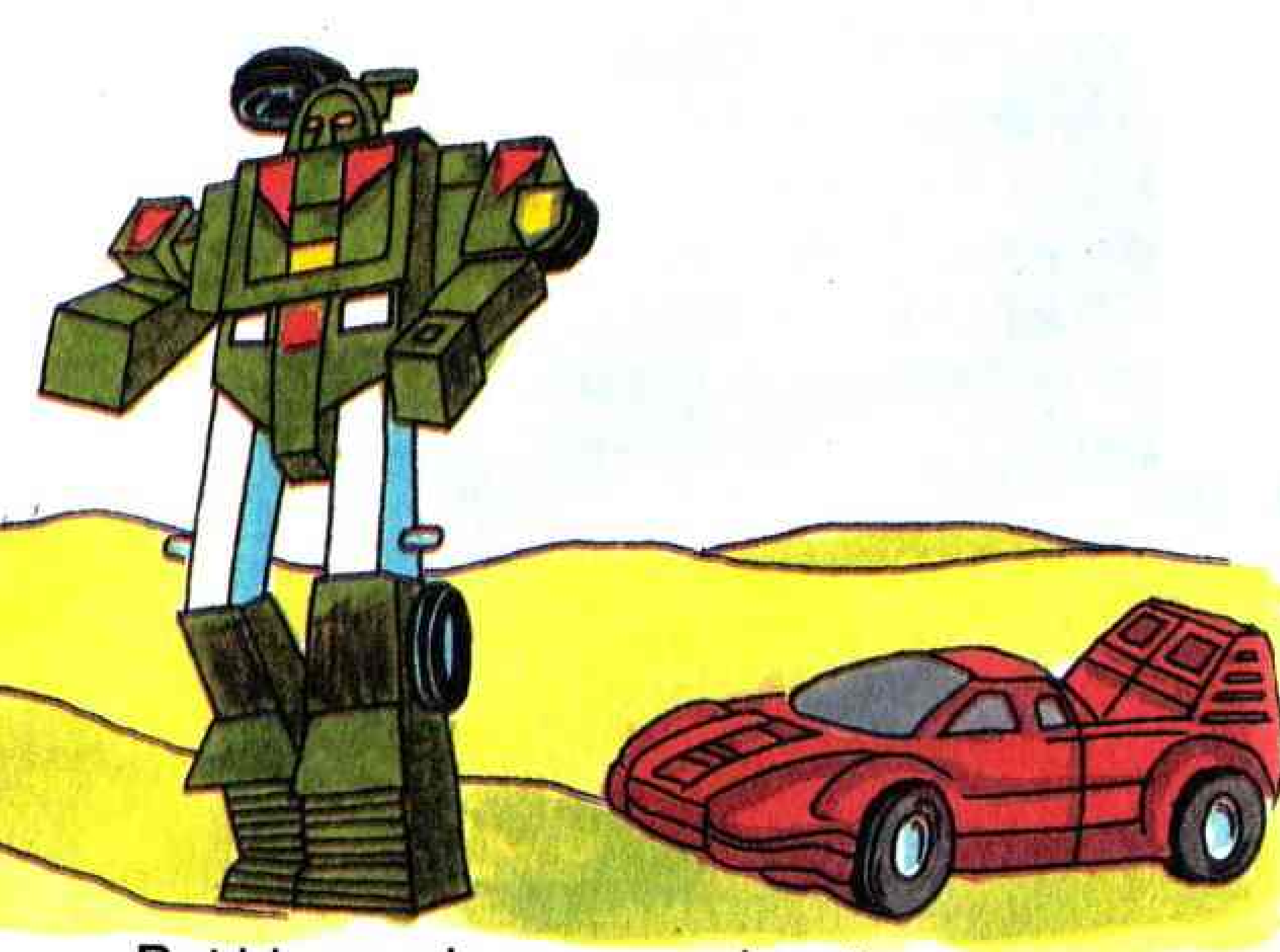
The jeep had been assigned to blow up the central power station, but the watchful GoBots had picked up his presence in the area and set up this chase long before any damage could be done.

Turbo fired again. There was a mighty whoosh, a blast of cold, white light,

and then flames and debris everywhere. The explosion echoed through the surrounding hills and lit up the sky like a second sun.

"That's the last we'll see of him." Matt pulled up short, a grin on his face.

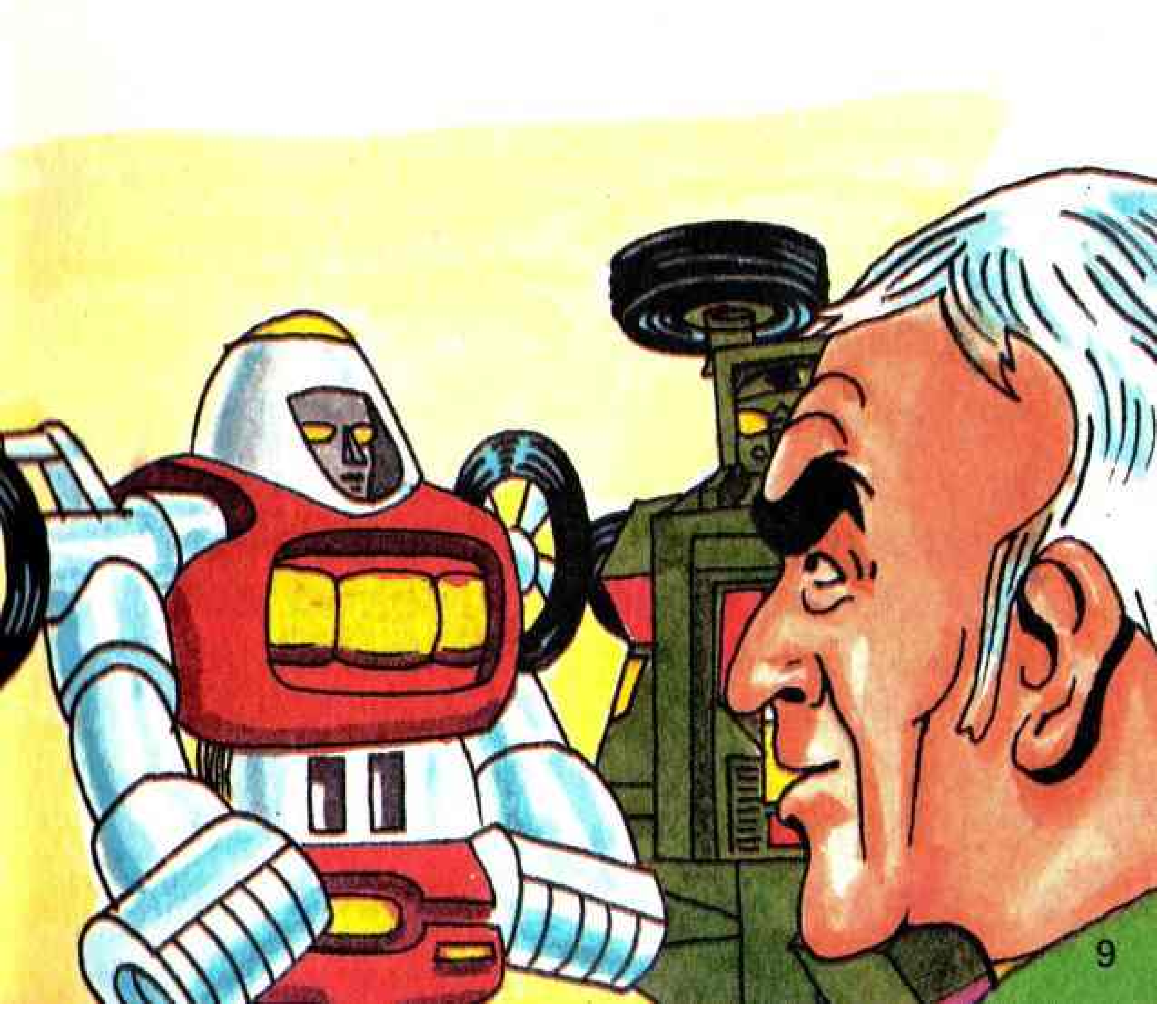


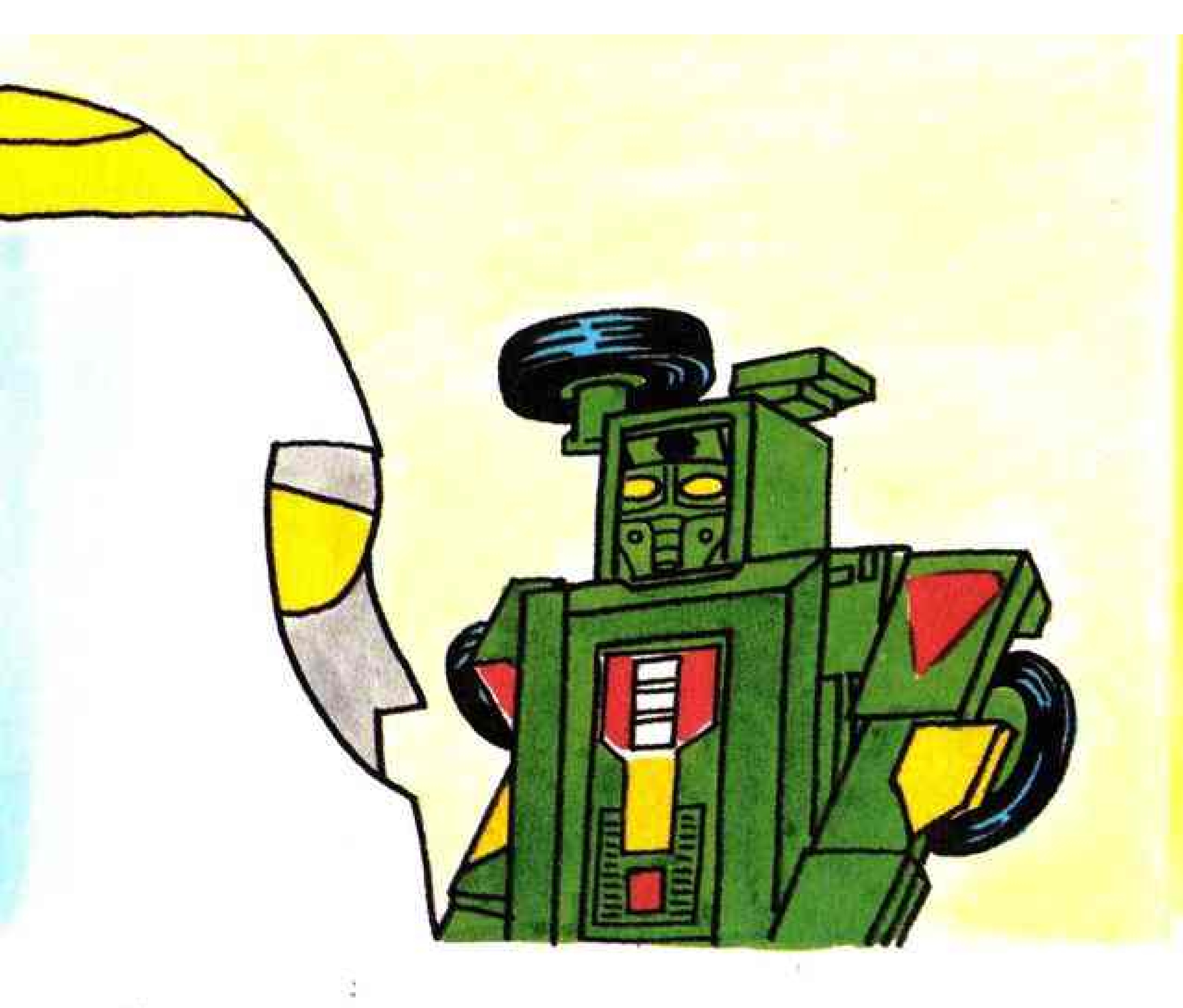


But his words were spoken too soon, for the jeep had dumped its explosives at the very last second, and was now flexing itself into the hulking form of the jeep Renegade and making its escape over the hillside.

"Let it go," sighed Matt. "You're no match for that Renegade muscle," and he turned Turbo for home.

On board Thruster, the Renegade spacecraft, Dr Braxis stood a little apart from the two fearsome robots. He could sense Cy-Kill's growing rage and the bitter frustration of the jeep robot.

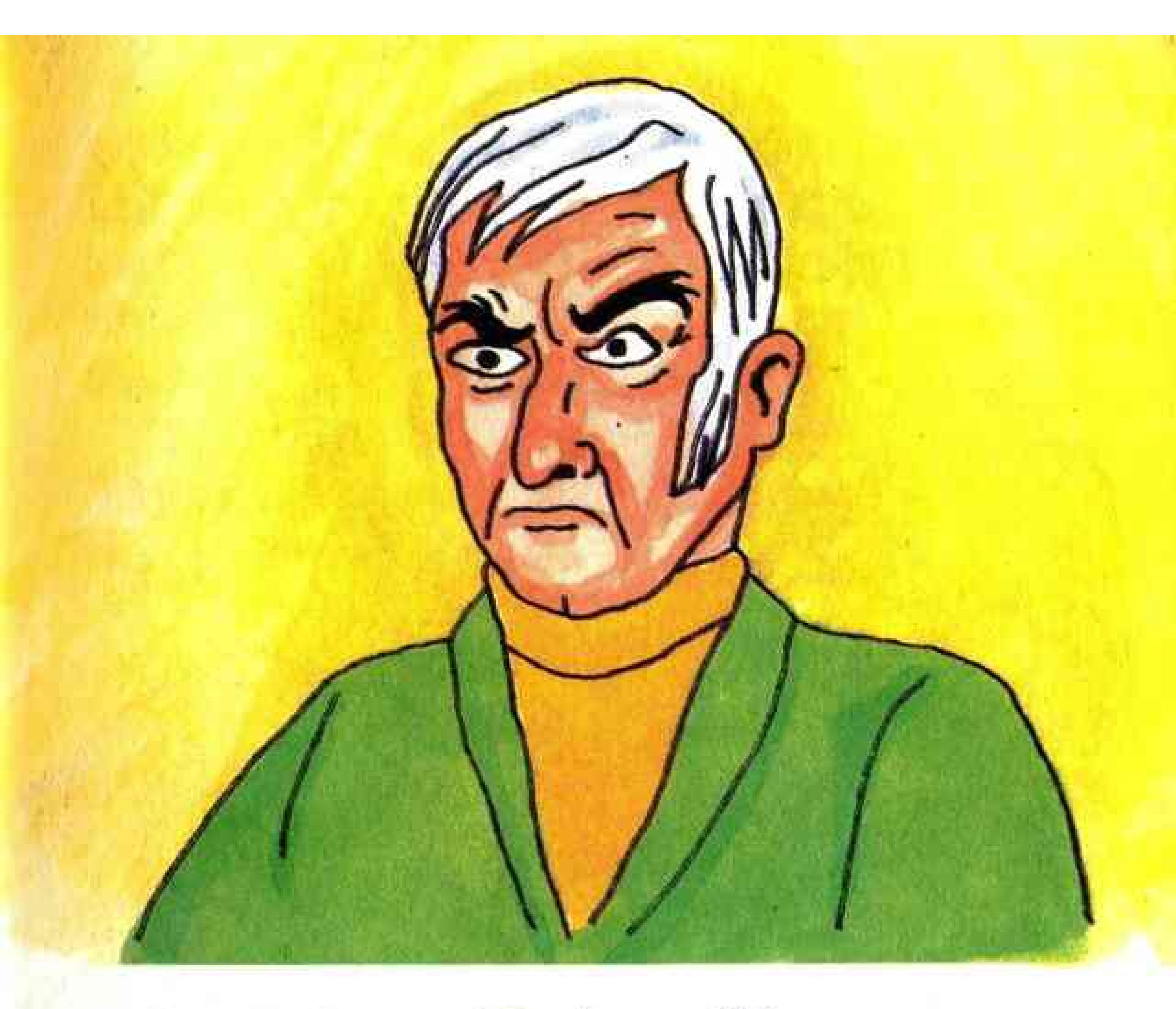




"It's all very well for you," the jeep was arguing excitedly. "You see things as orders. There's no sure way for us to reach our objectives without taking enormous risks."

"I was merely asking you to blow up a power station," sneered Cy-Kill, "not the world!"

"But you forget the Command Centre



cadets," shouted the jeep. "You underestimate the watchfulness of those GoBots! We can't match their cunning!"

"You talk like a fool and a coward," hissed Cy-Kill. "Well, Doctor Braxis, you're supposed to have the answers! Can you match their tricks, for once?"



Dr Braxis, who seemed to be asleep, murmured softly under his breath.

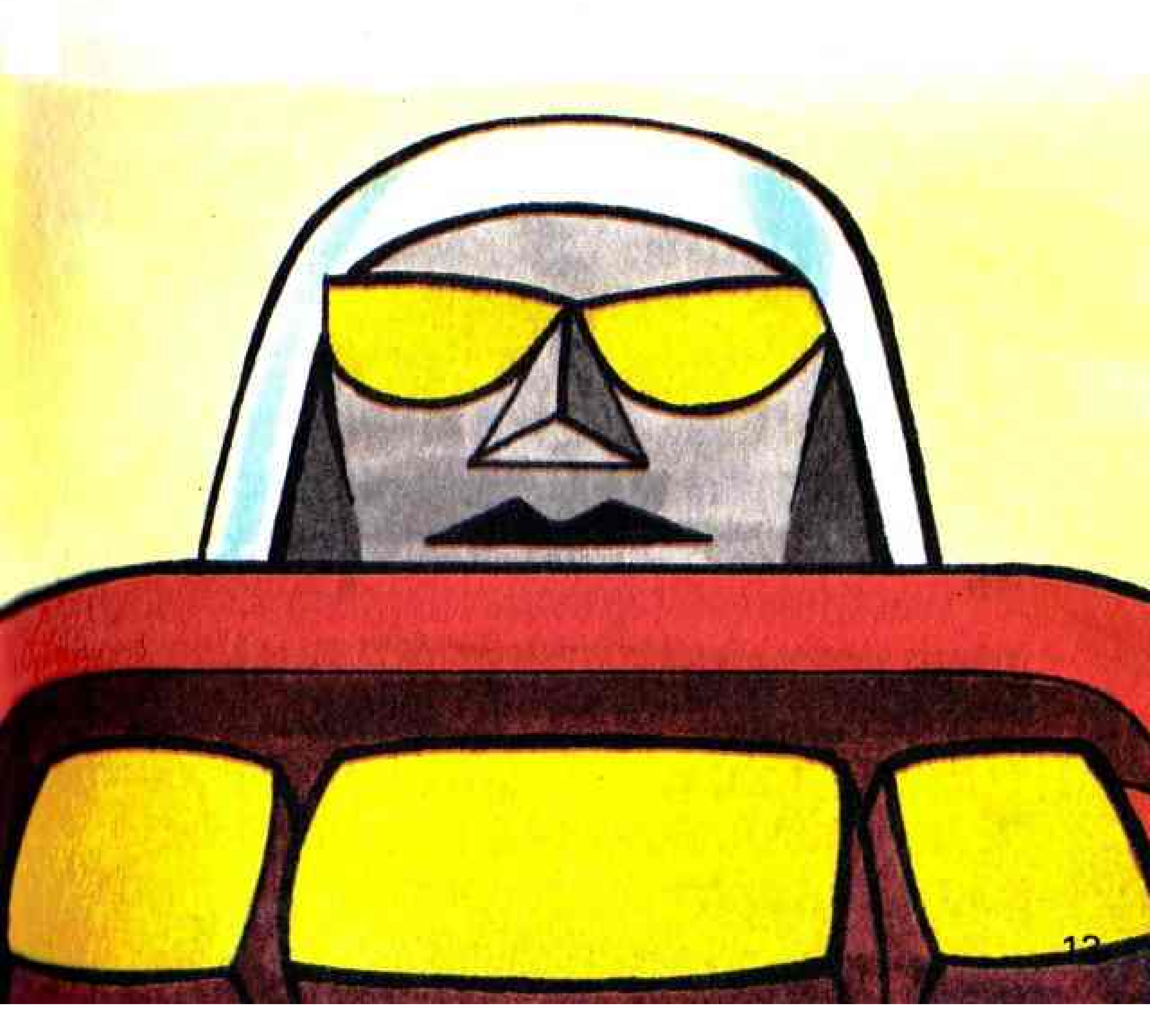
"A song. Lured to your death by a song." He opened his eyes wide.

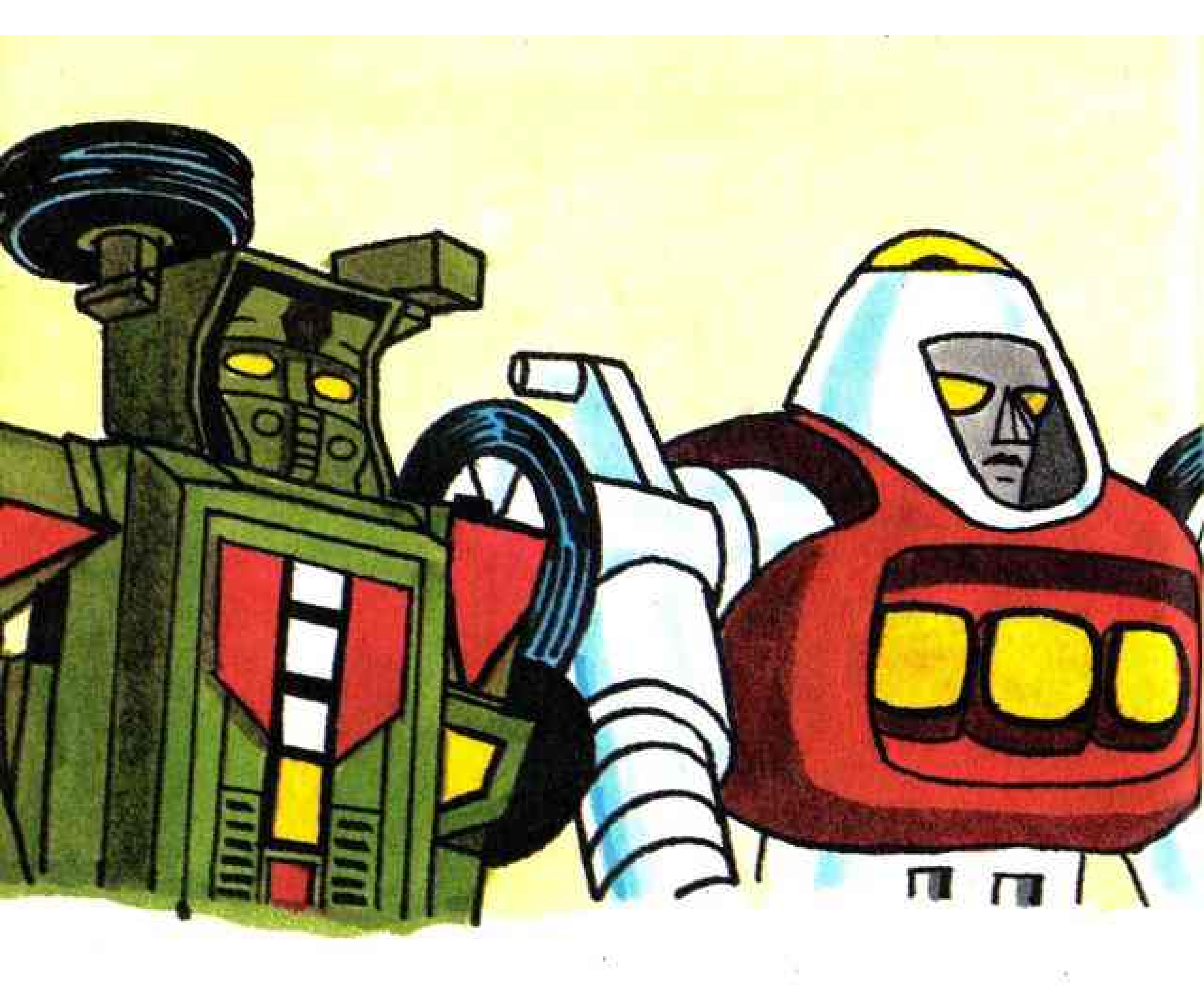
"What are you jibbering about, Doctor?" demanded Cy-Kill.

"A trick!" replied the Doctor. "The jeep scorns using force and speed

and dynamite, so let's use a song. Let's lure the enemy to destruction just like the legendary sirens on the rocks whose song lured sailors to their end."

"I have it!" cried Cy-Kill. "The Wagner Sirens, those screaming humanoids on planet Wagner 11."

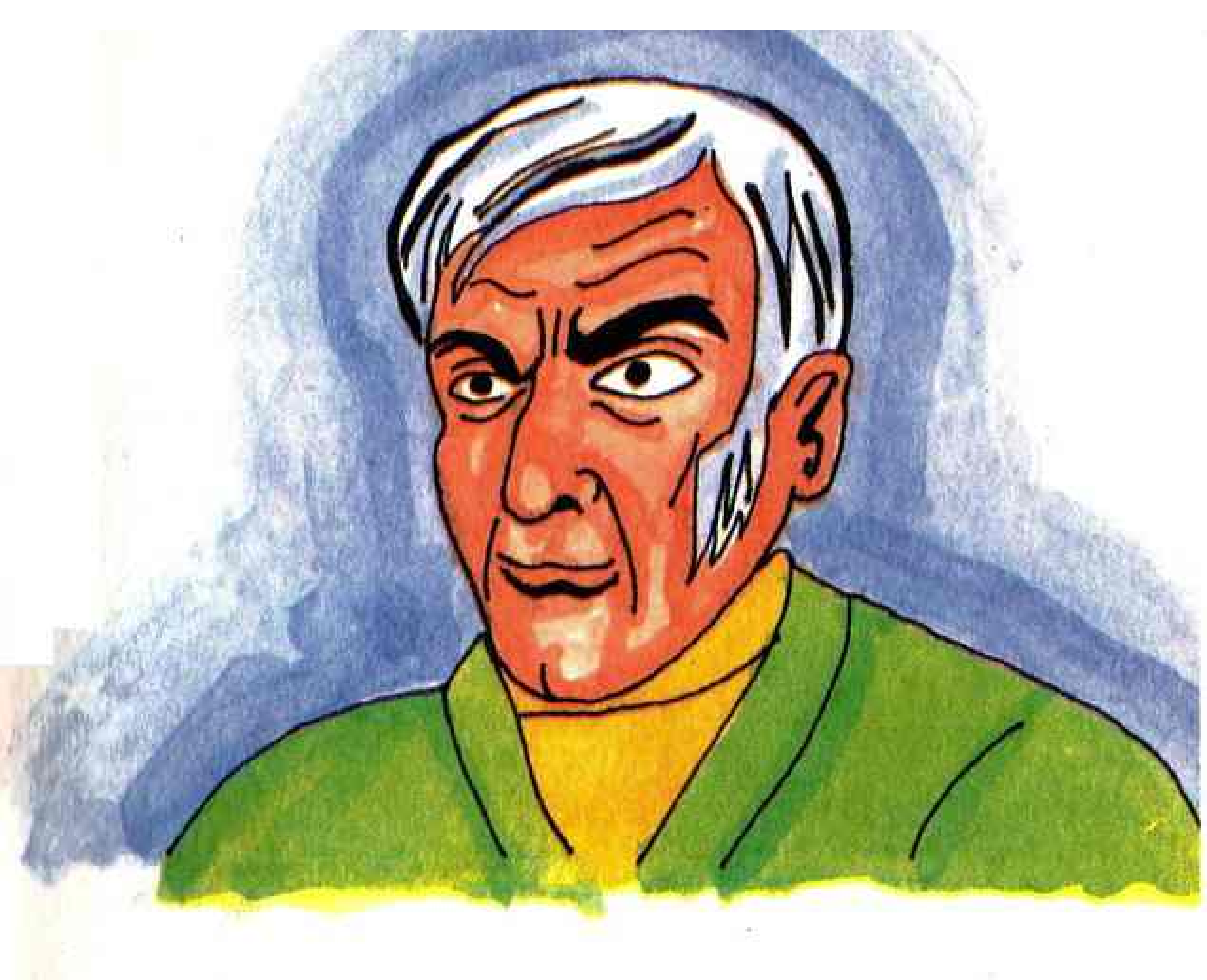




"They emit high-pitched sounds," said Braxis. "Sounds that split the ear."

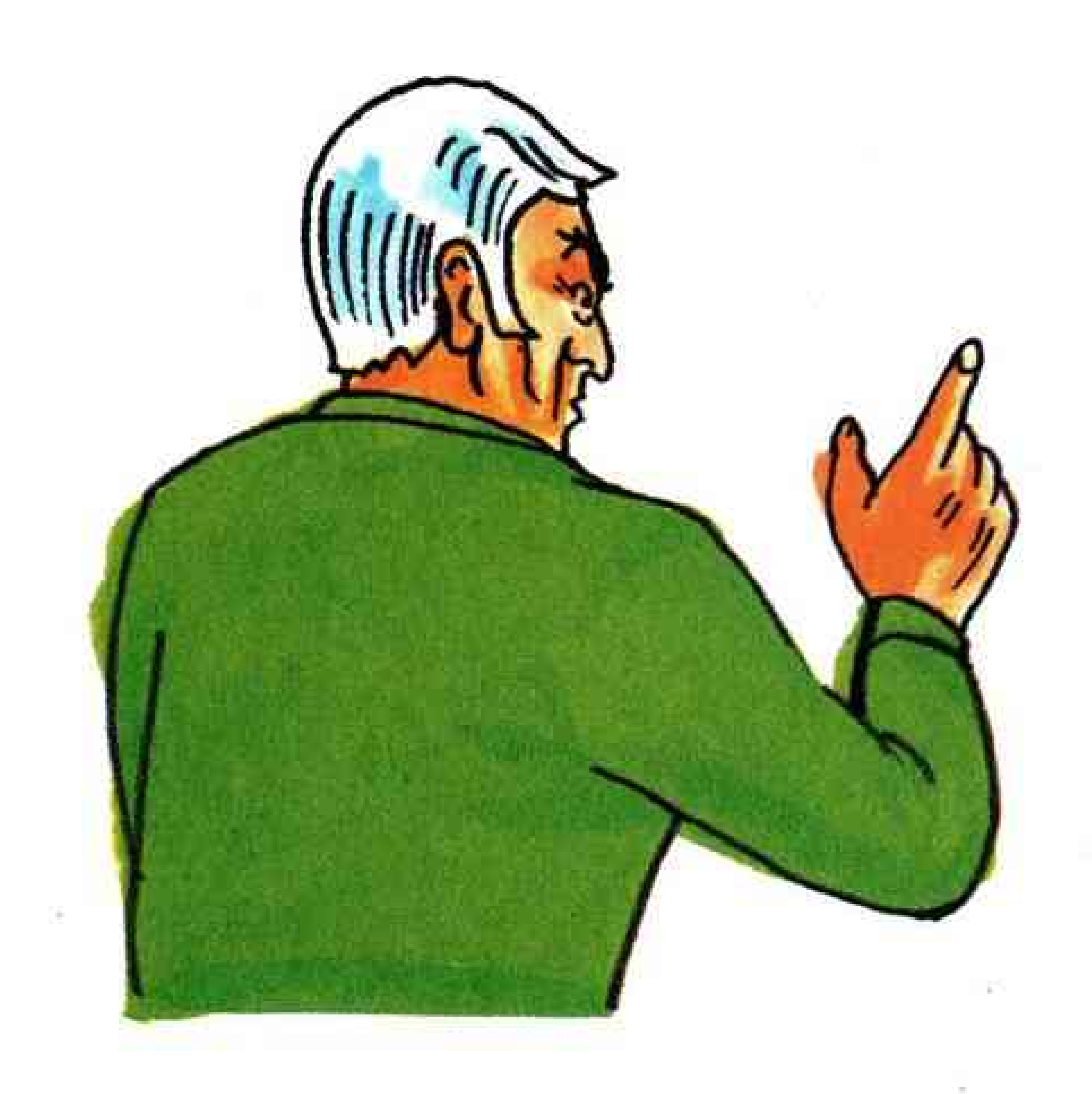
"But the GoBots won't react," interrupted Cy-Kill, "even if you quell the cadets."

Braxis' face grew stern and hard. "Even you would not be immune," he said. "The shriek of several



maddened Sirens in chorus would cut through your circuits like a knife. It would shatter glass, polymers, even metal, like a blade cutting through butter. You would be instantly immobolized."

Cy-Kill raised his huge, metallic fist. "Then get me these Sirens!"



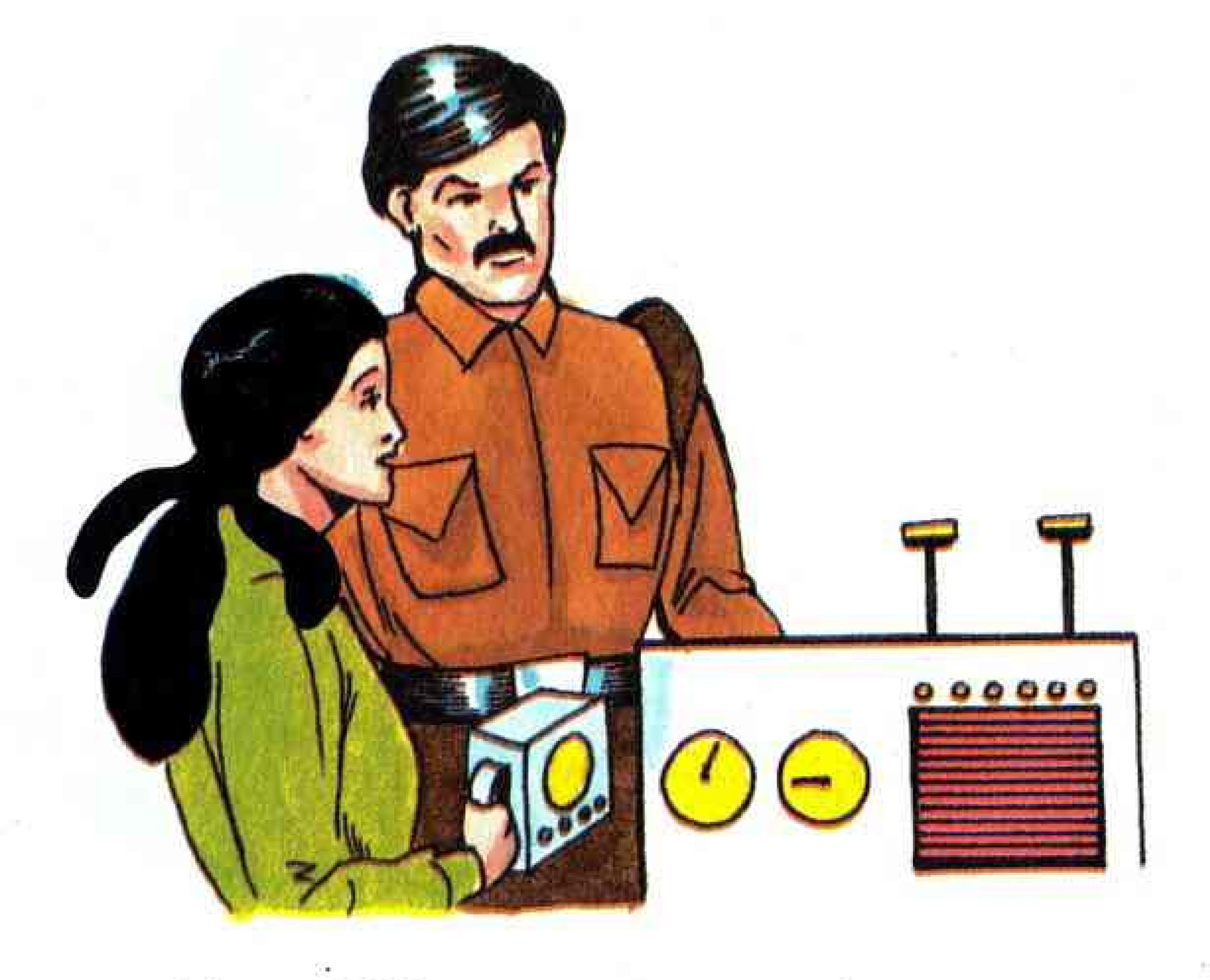
On the planet Wagner 11, Dr Braxis and the jeep robot led a secret round-up of the Wagner Sirens. Braxis was surprised at how few of these creatures still survived, but he was soon to learn why.

"Our planet is dying from within," moaned the Sirens. "In just a few centennia it will crumble and collapse altogether. Leave us here in peace.



We have survived since ancient times with our planet, and our last wish is to fade with it. We are no longer a war-like and aggressive people. Your enemies are not ours."

"You will come anyway," replied the hard voice of Braxis. "If you co-operate, you will be allowed to return here. If not . . ."



The midday sun shimmered in the dazzling blue sky above the heads of A.J. and Matt. They had travelled deep into the desert to carry out some experiments, and were busy setting the gauges when A.J.'s attention was caught by a strange sensation.

"That's odd," she said. "There's an unpleasant ringing sound in my ears. Can you feel it?"

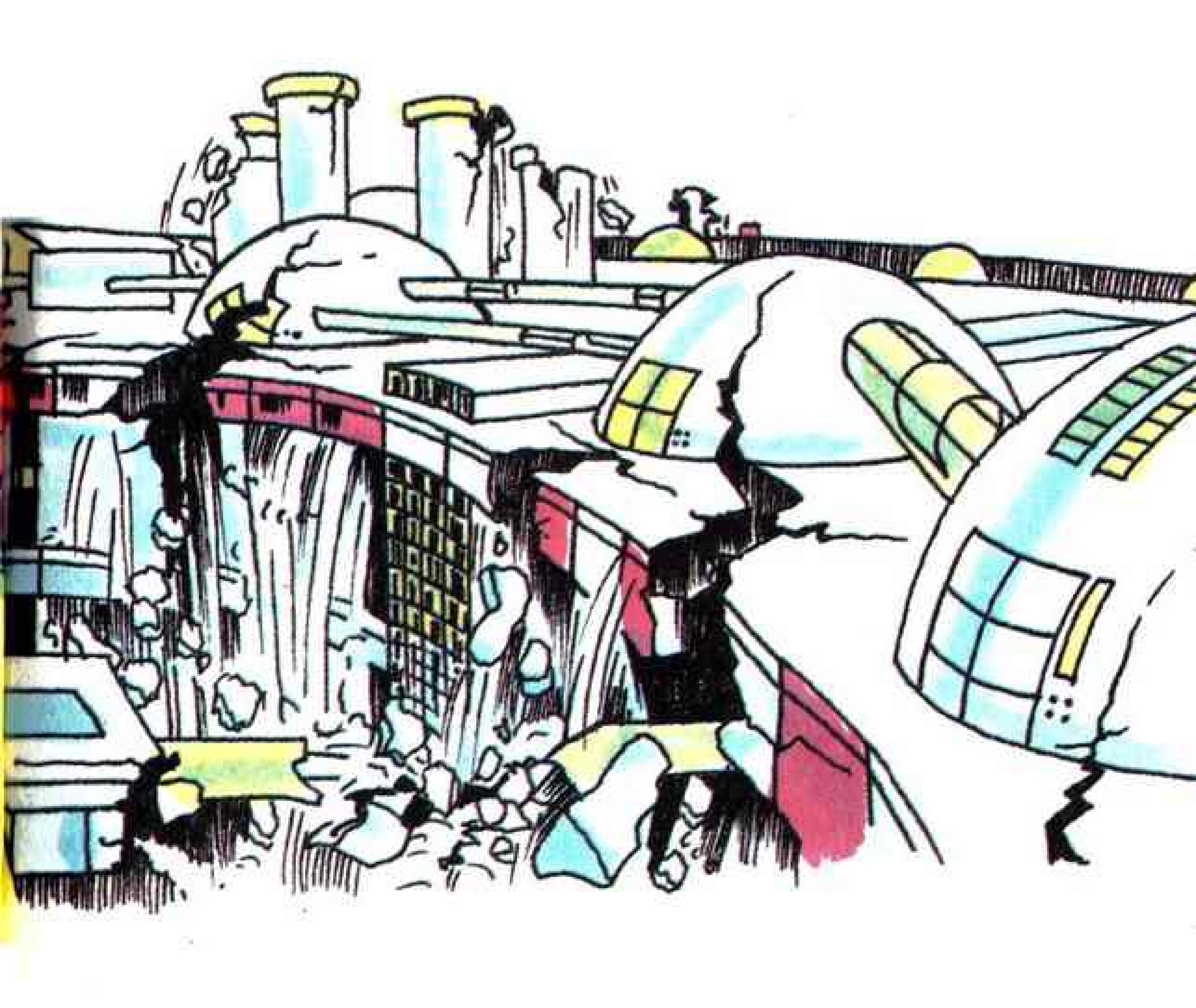
Matt stood up and looked around. "It's a weird sort of buzzing. Ouch! It's actually quite painful!"

They both sprang back in amazement as the glass measure at Matt's feet shattered and sprayed jagged fragments all over the sand . . .





Turbo was parked nearby. Its finely tuned sensors had picked up the signal and, realizing that the intensity would soon be unbearable, it now charged forward. It screamed towards the space cadets and, flinging open the doors, switched into emergency mode and high speed escape.



But there was little safety at the Command Centre. All that day and throughout the night, the high-pitched frequency came and went. Sometimes it tore into the very structure of the buildings itself, shattering windows and setting machines trembling.



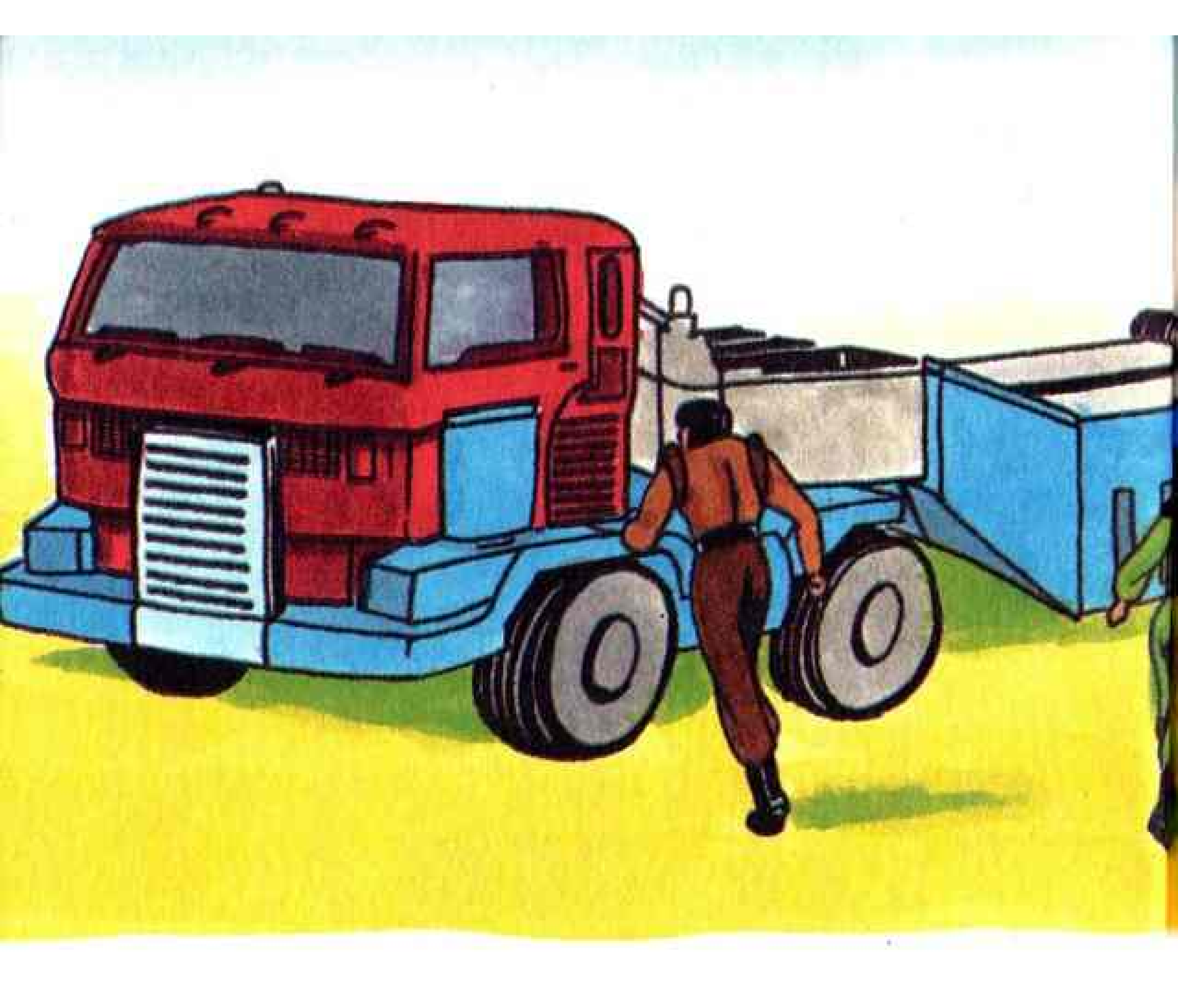
In the padded shelter of the Centre, far below the surface of the ground, Matt and A.J. stood at the console of electronic receivers.

"I still can't pinpoint where it's coming from." Matt shook his head. "It's almost as if it's moving. The worst impact is when it's out in the clear, but there are times when it's quite faint. Perhaps even switched off."

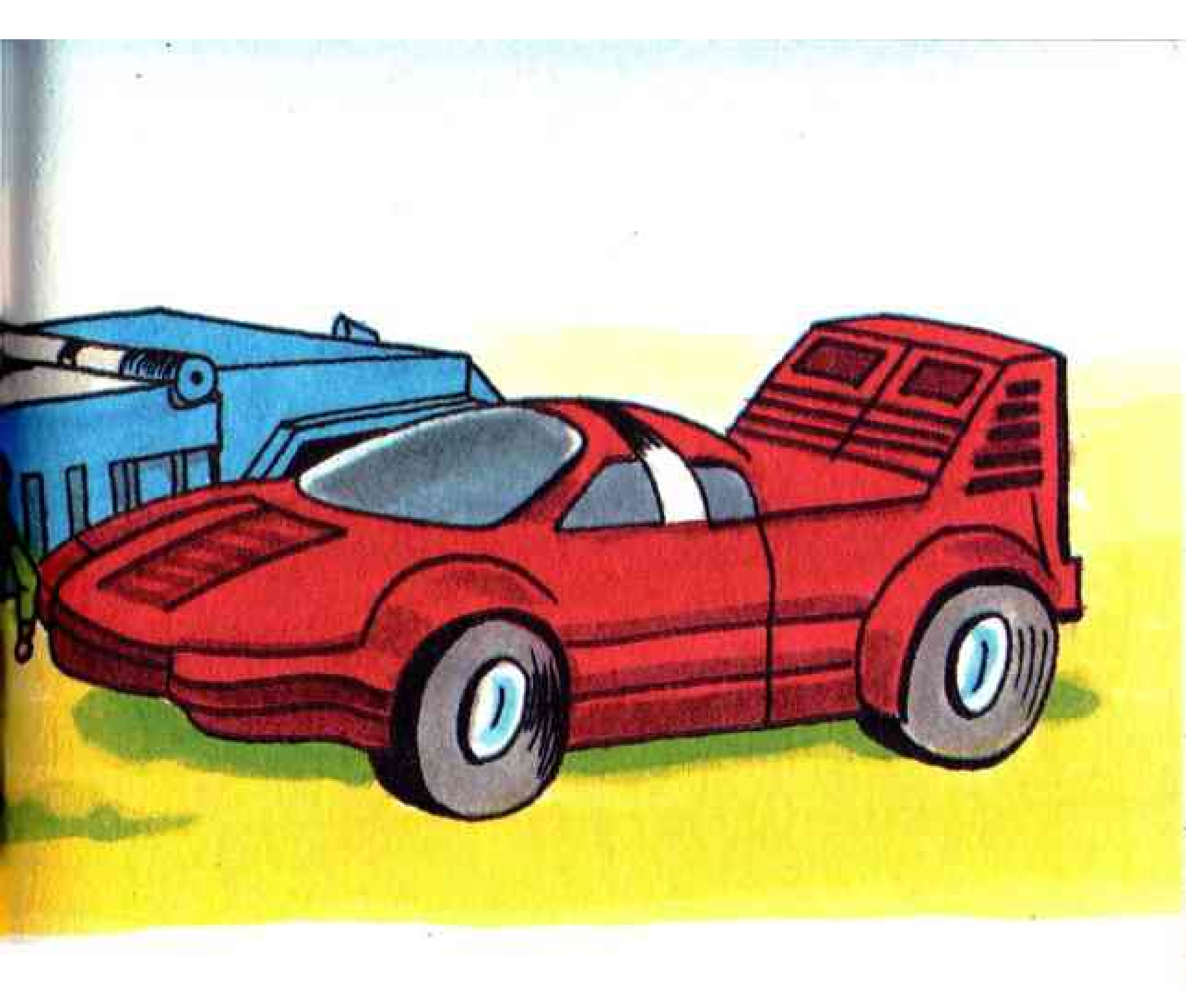
"Is it getting closer to us?" asked A.J. anxiously.

"Difficult to say. One thing's for certain. There are lots of different pitches involved. Some are high screams, whilst others are almost buzzes. It's like a vast chorus of singers: basses, tenors, contraltos and ear-shattering sopranos!"





All night there was a feverish buzz of activity as the Centre made plans to combat this new, unseen enemy. As the sun broke, everyone was out on the tarmac where the great red articulated lorry was being carefully loaded.



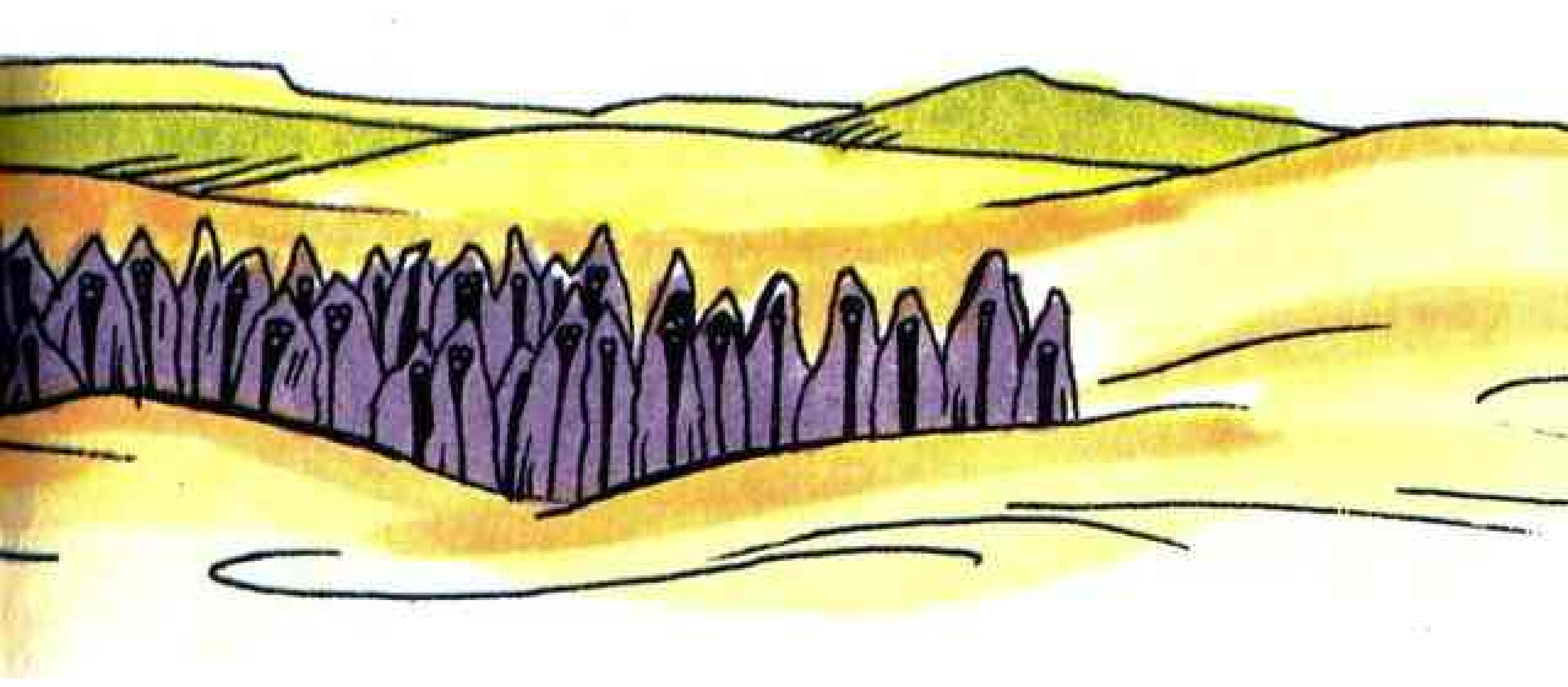
"The truck's going to come in handy," said Matt. "I'll be high enough to spot anything, and these massive tyres can travel over any kind of ground."

"Well, I'll stick close behind in Turbo," said A.J. "Just in case we need to make a quick escape . . ."



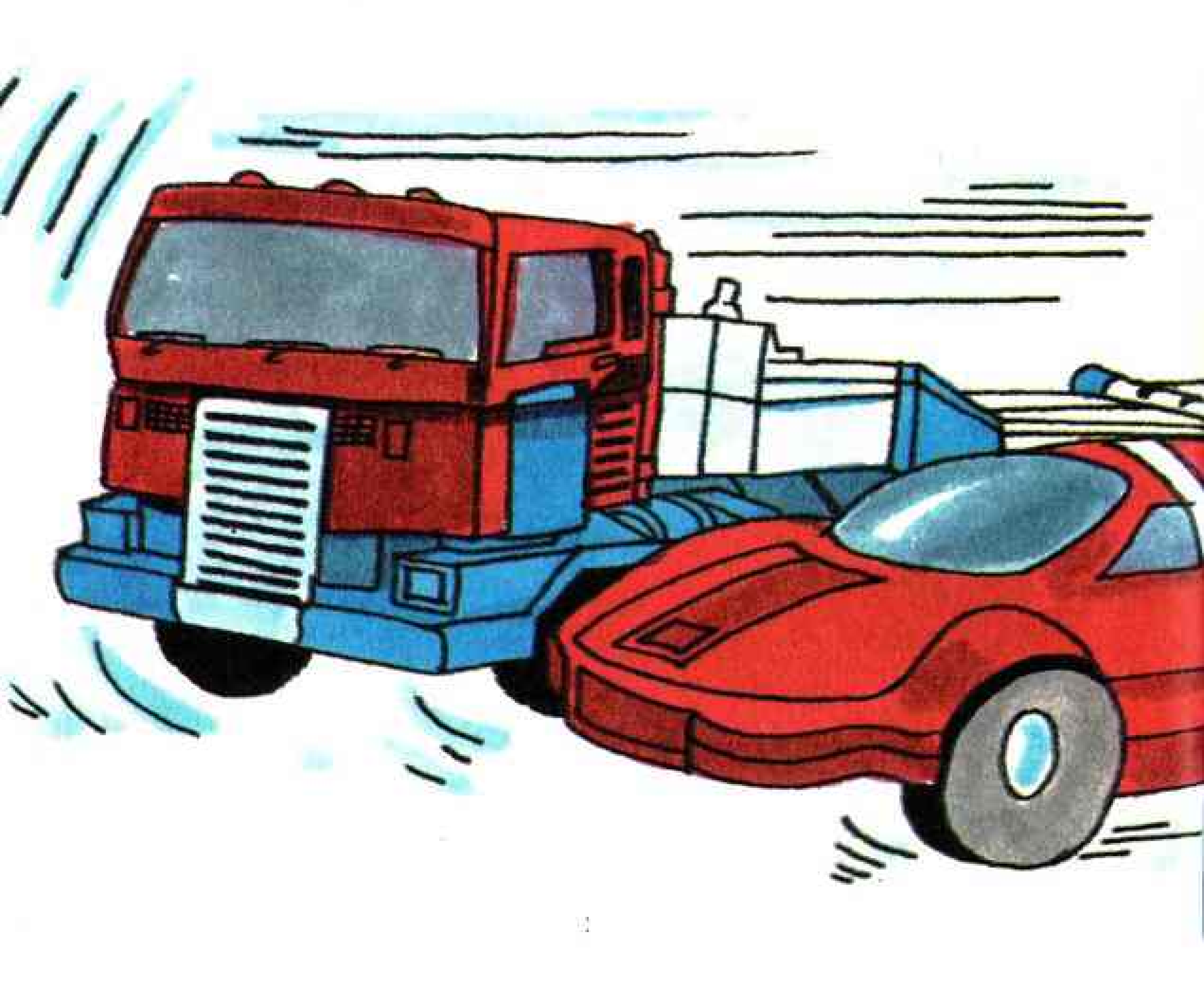
Meanwhile, on the fringe of the desert, a strange force was gathering. The Wagner Sirens, who had dropped to earth throughout the night, had pinpointed their meeting place by sending out their individual voice receptors.

Now they were silent as they took up their places in the choir and, turning



together, raised their voices in a surging cacophony of sound . . .

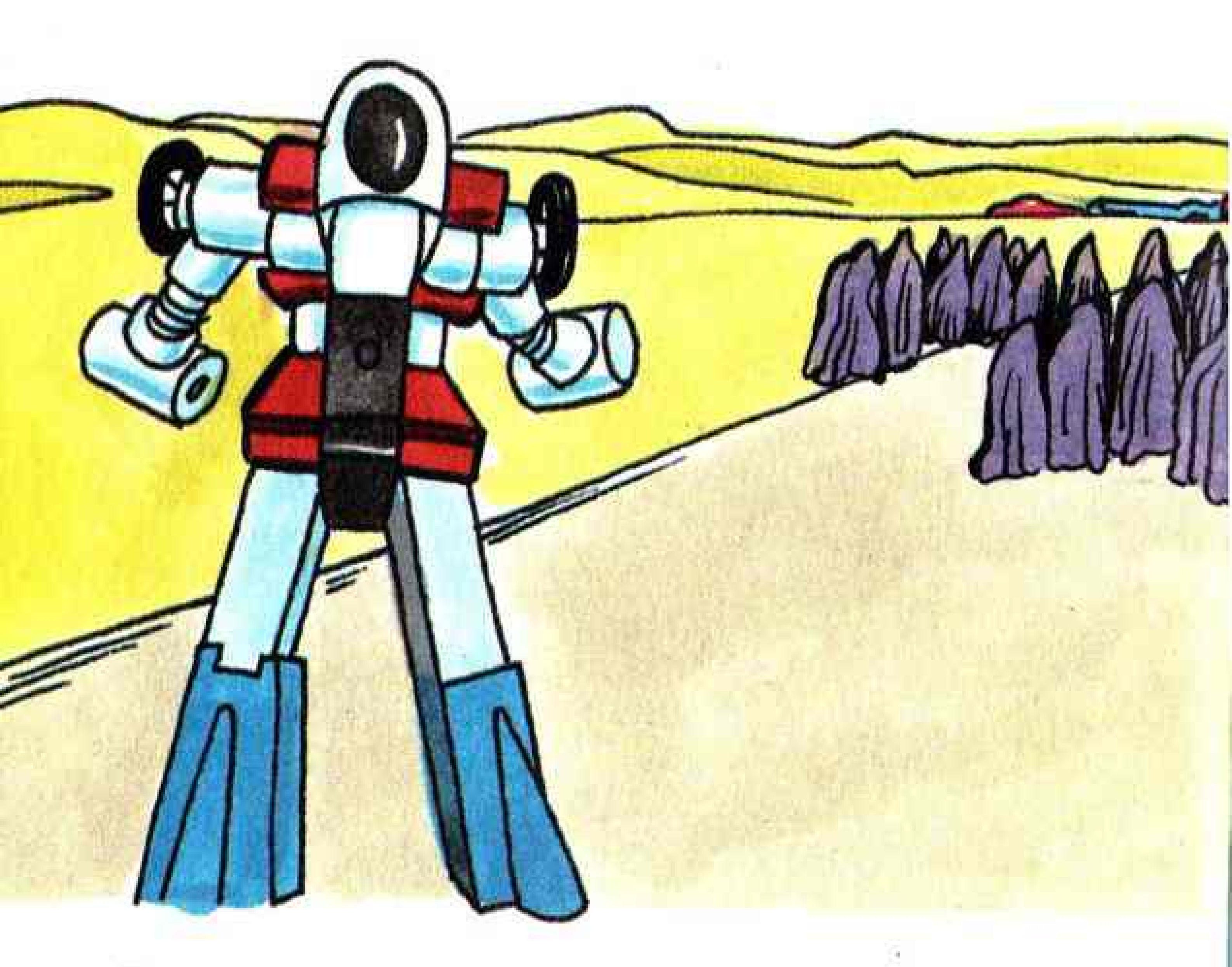
Despite the sound absorbers covering their ears, the first blast of shrill sound hit Matt and A.J. like a lightning bolt. Even the truck and Turbo braked instinctively, although their GoBot mechanisms were well muffled against any damage.



It was Matt who saw them first. Topping a rise in the hills, he looked out across the desert plain and saw the faint line of eerie, drifting shapes, moving forward like an army of ghosts. But now there was no wall of rock between the truck and this

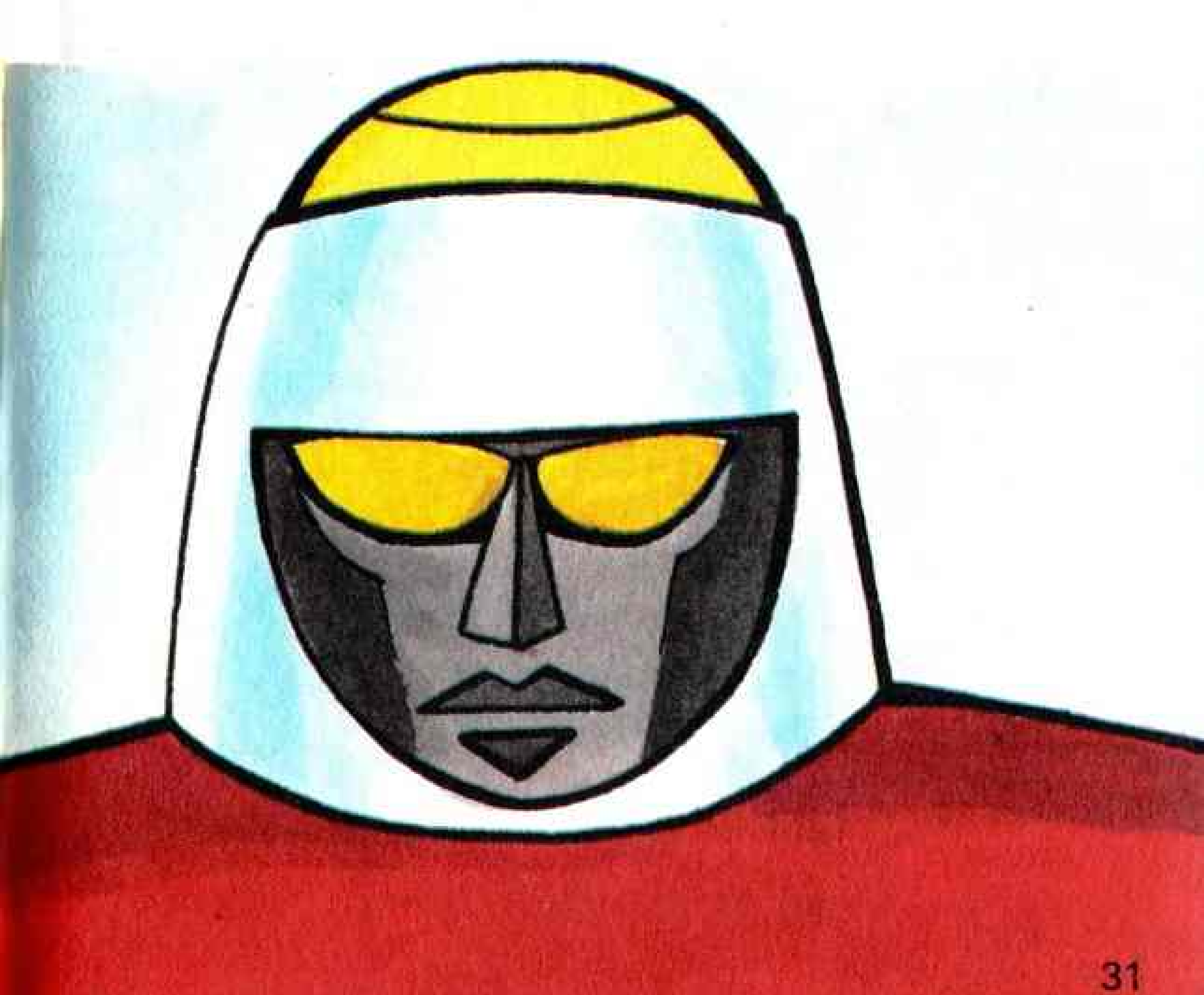


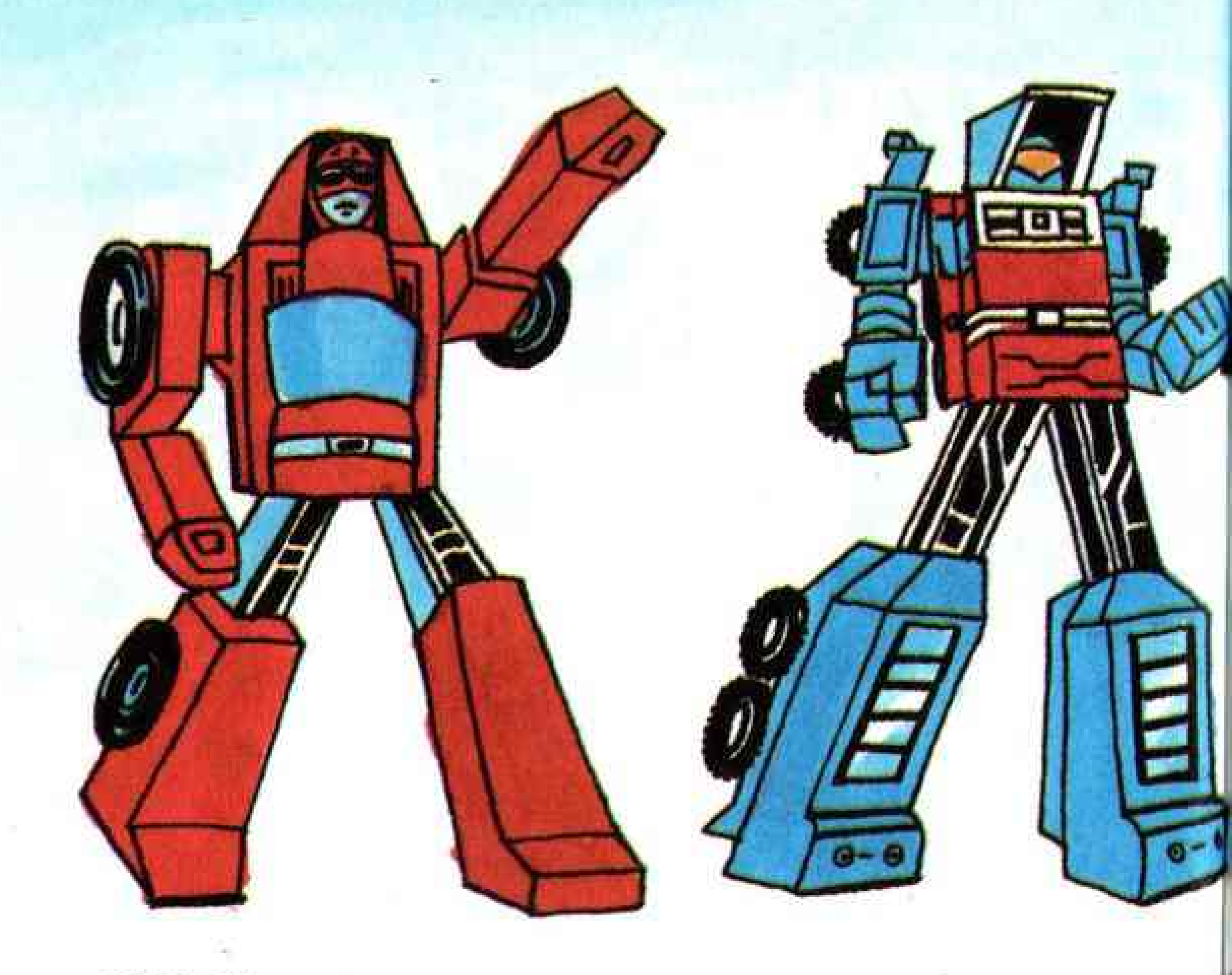
moving wail of destruction, and Matt knew that the protective mufflers would not last for ever. "I'm going forward," he warned A.J. over the intercom. "I've got to get in place before they advance too far."



From his viewing place well behind the line of Sirens, Cy-Kill saw the articulated lorry and Turbo advancing. He ordered the Siren army to stop, and turned quickly to Braxis. "You stay here. Only we, the invincible Renegades, will be able to withstand what is to follow. Our circuits are coated so as to absorb any wayward Siren chords."

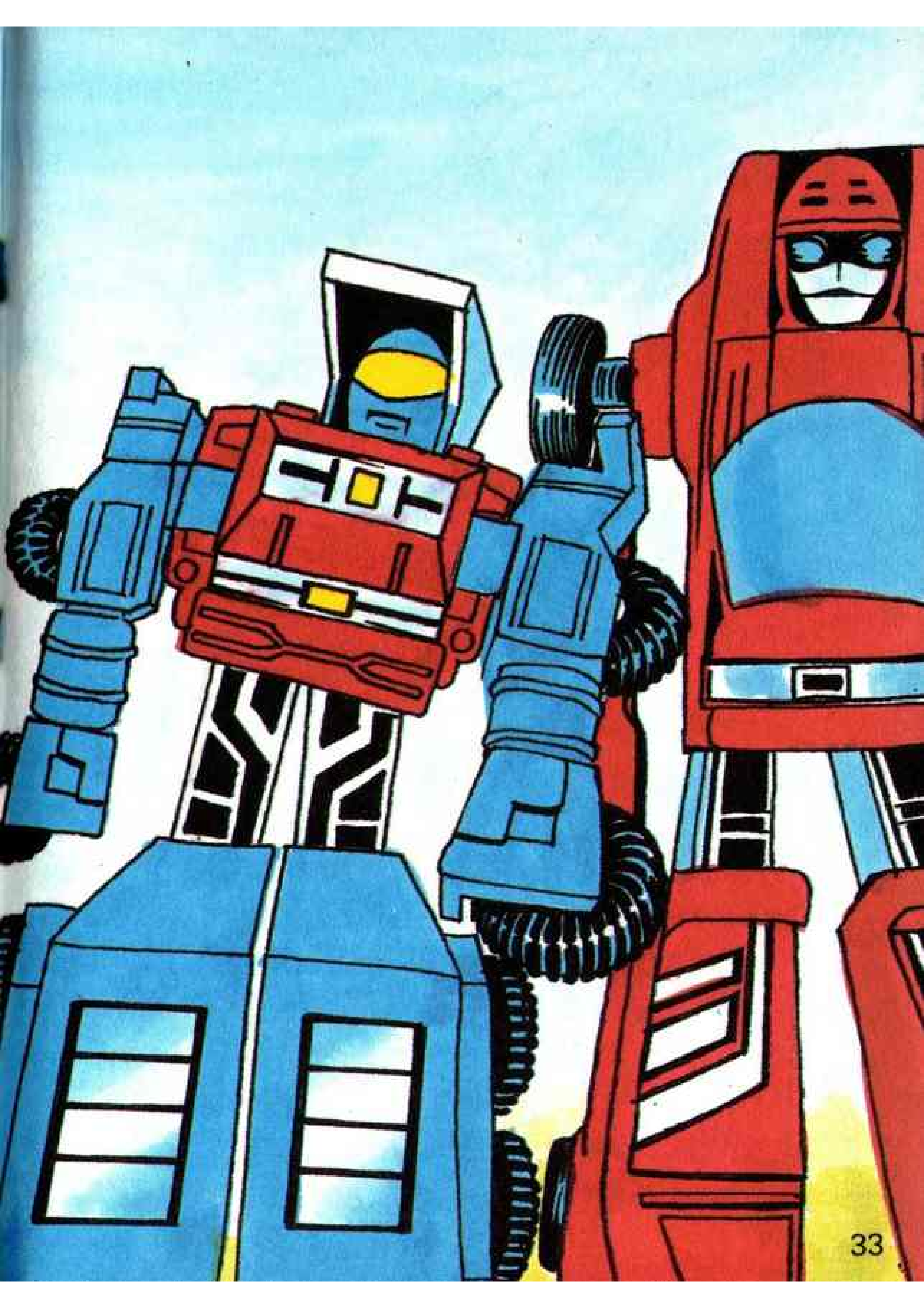
Cy-Kill shouted the advance and the Sirens again moved forward, their drifting bodies swaying from side to side as they wailed. From behind them, Cy-Kill and his Renegades sent up the first volley of power beams which would angle down on the two cadets and their vehicles.

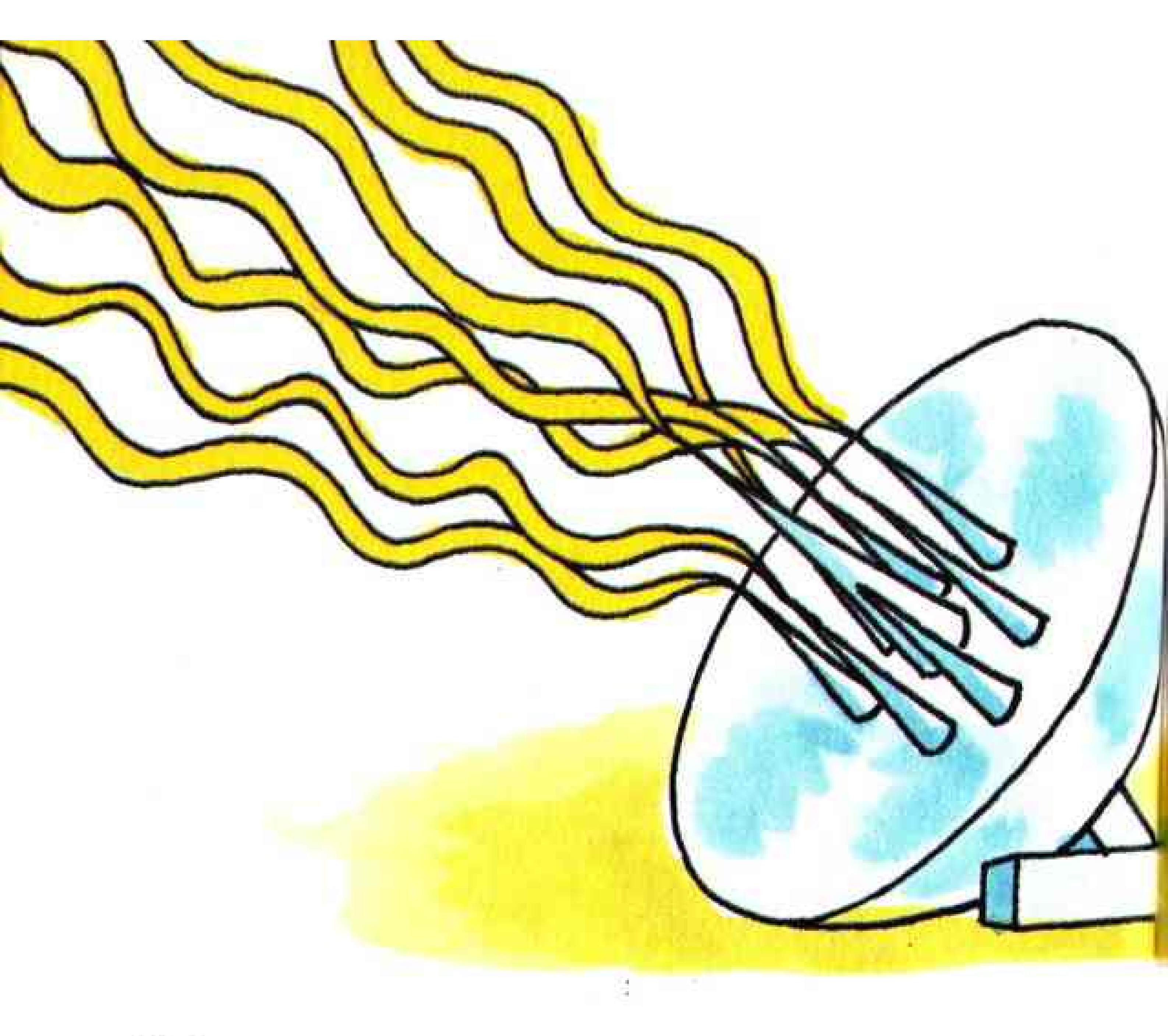




"We'll set up," screamed Matt over the noise of the Siren song and power blasts. "You hold them off." Immediately Turbo and the lorry whirled and sprang into action.

They stood their ground, reeling from the oncoming screech of the Sirens' song, but ably parrying beam after beam as Cy-Kill's Renegades closed for the kill.





“We can’t hold for much longer,” groaned A.J., as she and Matt struggled to right their load on the desert sand. “Look, the GoBots are cracking under the noise.”

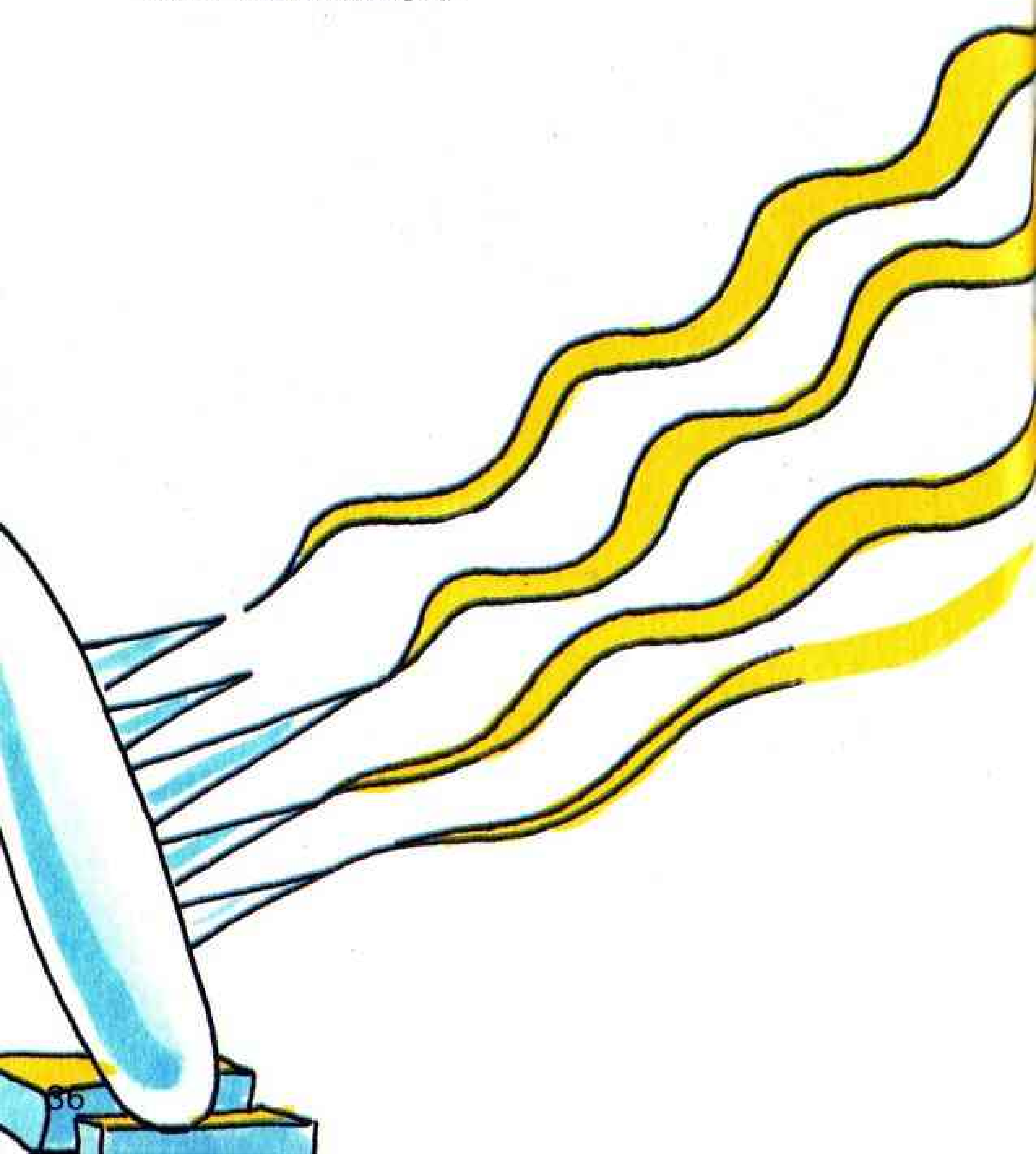
“We’re ready,” called Matt, his face screwed with pain. “Switch on!”

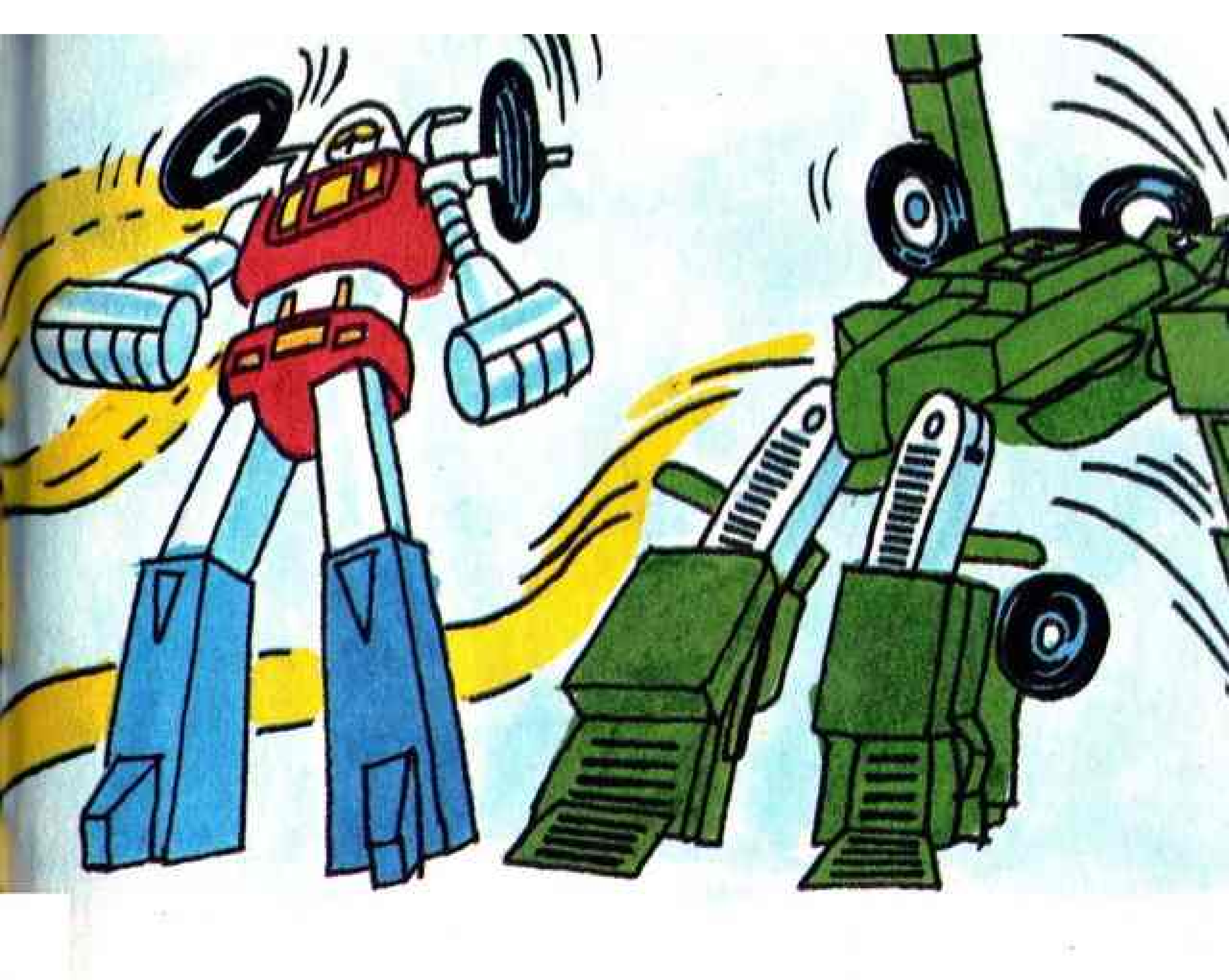
Immediately the saucer disc of their



device began to rotate on its pivot. Neatly embracing all the soun directed at its basin, it caught every note, moulded them to one impossible chord, and hurled them back at the unsuspecting Renegades through its amplifier.

Cy-Kill screamed and buckled. His great body quivered violently as he threw his arms into the air in anger and frustration.





The jeep spun, toppled, and dragged itself back through the fray. Like all the Renegades, it had no power to withstand such a surge of strident energy. “Retreat!” cried Cy-Kill, and the bedraggled band of Renegades turned and ran for their survival.



A.J. was watching the Sirens. Some were overcome by the force of their own echo, but most stood motionless, hanging limply, their song quite dead. “We’ve won,” she said quietly, “but what do we do with these?”

Much later, the Sirens had been transported to the Centre and their sad story was told. These strange

creatures desired nothing more than to return to their dying planet. Now, more than ever, they wished to silence their dangerous song.

As Matt and A.J. watched the space shuttle bearing the Sirens vanish into the sky towards the planet Wagner 11, neither of them could resist a sigh.





"What a waste," murmured A.J. "All that melody and song, and those beautiful voices, just created to destroy. And I've always wanted to be able to sing. My voice isn't so bad really. Listen . . . doh, ray, me, fa . . ."

"Agghhh!" screamed Matt, cupping his hands over his ears and pulling a terrible face. "Agghhhh! Hel-l-l-p!"



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